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—Will Herberg

THE

Commonweal

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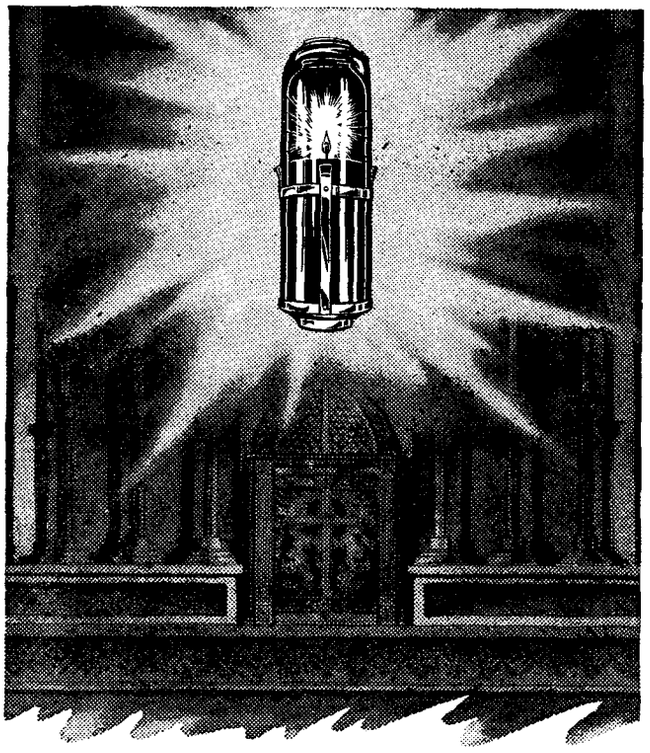

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The Commonweal

week by week

CONGRESS IN A FRENZY

NO one denies that the recent outlawing of the Communist party was carried out in a nervous atmosphere of partisan fever. Democratic Senator Humphrey's move came as a complete surprise to his Republican confreres. That, if nothing else, betrayed the fact that the step was taken without due consideration or debate. It was, as a matter of fact, cold-blooc dly designed to get the Democrats off the "soft on Communism" spot and to put the Republicans *on* the spot.

The bill was stampeded through Congress and only two men in the House of Representatives, one a Republican, the other a Democrat, found the courage to vote against it. Here was shotgun legislation with a vengeance, and let it be said that Senator Humphrey's cheap maneuver and the speed with which his confreres in both parties fell into line did little to add glory to him or to the members of either House. Regardless of the merits of this particular legislation, which are at best dubious, this is not the way to draft important laws and it is certainly not the atmosphere in which Communism can be effectively dealt with.

Here, indeed, was the shabbiest kind of politics camouflaged as serious anti-Commun sm. Certainly it must have occurred to legislator of both parties long before this to outlaw the Communist party; no one has refrained from doing so because of a love for Communism. The step was not taken earlier because everyone knew that in the minds of the President and of J. Edgar Hoover, who is specifically charged with responsibility for safeguarding the U. S. against the Communist conspiracy, such a move would be of no help whatsoever. If anything were to be gained from outlawing the Communist party, Mr. Hoover would have requested such legislation long ago. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover has often indicated that such legislation would hamper the work of the FBI. But then, suddenly, in an election year, the legislation is proposed, is hastily considered and barely debated and there are only two men in the whole legislature to hold out against the mad race that ensues to prove the "anti-Communism" of both parties.

This sort of thing will keep happening as long as Communism remains a fake partisan political issue. It is understandable that the Democrats, so recently charged with "twenty years of treason," are in a desperate mood, but one would hardly expect a self-styled "liberal" like Mr. Humphrey to be found leading them up this path. One would hardly expect, either, that the Republican leaders would submit so passively to the kind of political blackmail that was pulled on them. But such is the political climate that the splenetic partisan oratory of Messrs. McCarthy, Dewey *et al.* has created. In such a climate, there is little place for thoughtful action but great emphasis on dramatic "anti-Communist" gestures. Democrats and Republicans alike feel called upon to beat their breasts in public to prove what everyone in his right mind knows to be true—i.e. that they are equally opposed to Communism.

Not everything that is wildly, shoutingly "anti-Communist" actually hurts the Reds, while much that must be done quietly and thoughtfully against Communism wins no resounding popular applause. Every legislator in Washington knows in his heart that this is true, but apparently they are not yet ready to trust the people—at least they seem to have no assurance that the people trust *them*.

HOW wise was it to outlaw the Communist party? In the opinion of many who should know, the present legislation will make the work of dealing with the Communist conspiracy more difficult. By distinguishing between the open Communist party as a political association and "Communist action" groups, no Constitutional issues were raised by previous anti-Communist laws. The Communist leaders may attempt to challenge this new legislation in the courts; they may even get a

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favorable decision, which would give them a talking point for their argument that they are being unconstitutionally "persecuted" and are the victims of a national witchhunt. (The United States has never before outlawed a political party; the precedent now established is generally recognized as dangerous.)

One thing is certain: as far as serious Communist activity in the United States goes, nothing has changed. The party had dwindled to a handful anyway and was completely without popular influence. No effective Communist work has been done in the open for a long time. The present legislation will not facilitate the work of the FBI in tracking down subversion. It will probably only intensify the fanaticism of the remaining hard core who have been willing to face popular scorn as open members of the Communist party. It will probably increase rather than decrease the number of undercover Communist agents. It will not change a single Communist's mind about his beliefs and commitments.

All in all, it was a pretty empty gesture—and a classic example of the kind of mindless "anti-Communism" that can be conceived in partisan cunning and carried out in partisan fear. We hope that it is the last legislation stampeded through Congress this way. Nothing would serve the Communists better than for Americans—people and legislators alike—to put cool heads and political maturity aside when they come to grips with the Communist problem.

A group which was intent on sowing frenzy in the nation, as the Communists are, could have asked for nothing better than the hasty, thoughtless sort of legislating done on this question in the closing days of Congress. Politically, due to shrewd Republican maneuvering, the dilemma that Senator Humphrey and his confreres hoped to create was resolved and the issue neutralized. Mr. Humphrey has not added an inch to his stature as an anti-Communist and surely a bit of tarnish to his shining reputation as a "liberal" by the kind of leadership he offered. The only heroes to emerge from the frenzy are the two men who just refused to be stampeded, Congressmen Usher L. Burdick, (Rep.) of North Dakota and Abraham J. Multer (Dem.) of New York.

NEXT WEEK

HANNAH ARENDT writes on Europe's image of the United States:

"Tocqueville is the greatest, but not the only author of the last century, who saw the New World as the outcome of an old history and civilization. Today this view is the element conspicuously missing in Europe's image of America . . . . today America is considered to have no more relationship with Europe than any other country, and frequently considerably less than Russia and even Asia, both of which are being Europeanized through Marxism for a considerable segment of European opinion—by no means including only Communists or fellow-travelers."

DE GASPERI

COMING as it does when the whole conception of the European Defense Community finds itself in the greatest jeopardy, the death of Alcide De Gasperi is a tremendous loss. For the leader of Italy from 1945 to 1953 had been one of its staunchest advocates from the outset. With that fervor and selflessness with which he threw himself into a cause in which he believed, Dr. De Gasperi sought the realization of EDC from its beginnings literally down to the exhalation of his last breath. For it was shortly after the last of a number of agonized telephone conversations with Premier Scelba on the discouraging course of the Brussels conference that he suffered a fatal heart attack. The United States has lost its firmest friend in the councils of Western Europe.

The zeal with which Dr. De Gasperi worked in the interests of Europe was characteristic of his long and dramatic public life. The sense of humor for which he was known did not act as a solvent to induce the political lethargy and shoulder-shrugging of many of his worldly-wise compatriots. It was a saving sense, however, that aided him considerably in the give and take of Italian and international politics.

The prospect confronting postwar Italy was desperate enough to dismay the stoutest of hearts. Defeat had followed hard upon widespread devastation. Twenty years of Mussolini's fascism had brought political morale to its lowest pitch; there were virtually no going political organisms to work with. Pressure of the population upon Italy's normally meager natural resources had greatly intensified. That gives some idea of the burdens Dr. De Gasperi clearsightedly assumed as Premier and head of the Christian Democrats. And during his regime he succeeded in bringing his country from the depths up to an honored place.

He accomplished immeasurably more in the way of reconstruction, land reclamation, the building of schools, roads, sewers and aqueducts in his sev-

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en years of office than Mussolini with all his fanfare accomplished in two decades. But even then De Gasperi was unable to abolish poverty in his beloved Italy. The odds were too heavy. No one will in fact succeed in meeting that chronic problem with any degree of adequacy until great numbers of Italians are permitted to emigrate. Unemployment continues to loom large but De Gasperi did achieve a relative national prosperity.

A number of his admirers came to feel—at least in the later years of his regime—that he was moving far too slowly in redistributing the big Italian estates and toward other social reforms. Dr. De Gasperi was a moderate; he was adept at political compromise; he was patience itself in the pursuit of important objectives. These very political virtues alienated many of his former adherents, particularly toward the end.

For reasons such as these there are observers who believe that Dr. De Gasperi's greatest achievement was his defeat of the Communists in Italy's postwar elections; that he will go down in history primarily as a defender of his people against the Communists; that, once he had held the Communists off, his importance began to wane.

But De Gasperi will long be heralded for other important achievements, too—for his ardent patriotism, for his dedication to the ideal of a united Europe, for his unwavering loyalty to democratic liberties and democratic principles when threatened either from the Right or from the Left (for his views he was thrown into prison by Mussolini).

Perhaps Dr. De Gasperi will be best remembered as an exemplar of the Christian statesman, as a deeply religious leader who achieved much through the very force of his convictions and whose sincerity and unflagging efforts were apparent to all. Here indeed was a statesman who did not spare himself in his constant dedication to the well-being of his fellow-man. May he rest in peace.

ENGLISH IN THE LITURGY

IT is considered a mark of special favor to American Catholics that, in response to a request from the hierarchy, the Sacred Congregation of Rites has just granted the clergy in the United States the optional right of using English in the administering of the sacraments of baptism and extreme unction and in the marriage ceremony. Unusual as this favor is, it does not represent a very sweeping change in the rendering of the Liturgy as a whole. Moreover, it remains to be seen in how many dioceses in the United States this use of the vernacular will come to be the common practice. What appears most significant about the decree at present writing is that the Vatican has seen fit to move in such a direction at this time.

THE MITCHELL CHARGES

NOW that much of the early furore over Stephen Mitchell's implications of corruption in the awarding of a power contract by the White House has subsided, it is well briefly to assay the case. On the one hand the manner of Mr. Mitchell's charges (when challenged) before the convention of the American Bar Association leaves much to be desired. Many Americans of both parties warmly resent the imputation against Mr. Eisenhower's greatly respected personal integrity in Mr. Mitchell's conjectures.

On the other hand it is difficult to escape the feeling that there was something highly irregular in the awarding to the Dixon-Yates concern of a contract to supply power for the AEC plant to be constructed in Paducah. There was the absence of competitive bidding; there were the offers of a competing syndicate and of the TVA, both of which would have supplied the required power for considerably less. The case clearly calls for further examination. No doubt Mr. Stevenson is right in maintaining that a similar contract award by a Democratic Administration would have inspired the most indignant protests. But on balance that hardly serves as sufficient reason to bring about such an attack on President Eisenhower's deservedly good repute.

SEATO

IN the Philippines, eight nations are meeting to create some kind of a mutual defense system for Southeast Asia. Three of these nations are Western powers: Britain, France and the United States. Two are Asian but culturally and racially European: Australia and New Zealand. Three are Asian: Thailand, the Philippines and Pakistan—and Pakistan is only observing, not participating.

No one pretends that this group of nations can work out more than the scaffolding for a defense of Southeast Asia. What they can also do, however, is to set up an organization which includes important provisions for mutual economic assistance and technical aid even to non-signatory nations, which might serve to calm some of the suspicion which exists between the non-Communist nations of that part of the world and the Western nations on the subject of the cold war.

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And if the new organization's military character is going to be mostly that of the staff-group, there still is much for a staff to do in the exchange of information and intelligence. Most important is that cooperation at this level may make it easier for the nations concerned to come to long-overdue agreement on the big problems of what to do about Chinese expansion.

BRUSSELS AND HOPE

THE European Defense Community plan was many things to many people. To the United States it offered a practical means for a controlled rearmament of West Germany, a plan which would safely have brought German military strength into the NATO alliance.

To the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Italy, it was a plan which offered the prospect of cooperation and friendship with Germany in place of the hostility and competition which had so often marked the past. It offered a strengthening of defenses against Soviet aggression.

To France, whose idea EDC had been, it originally seemed to offer cooperation with Germany and freedom from the fear of Germany. It meant that the rearmament of Germany, which was sure to happen sooner or later, would occur under West-European control, in an atmosphere of considerable mutual confidence.

But to many Frenchmen, EDC came to have a different look: to them it meant an intolerable reduction in French sovereignty and an association with a strong West Germany which, as it had been free from such burdens as the Indochina war or the maintaining of its own armed forces, would be in an economic position to dominate the European federation which would have resulted from the ratification of EDC. (And then, to many Frenchmen, the idea of *any* rearmament of Germany, controlled or not, inevitable or not, was repugnant. After what Germany did to France between 1940 and the Liberation, who can fail to at least comprehend such a fear?)

To Chancellor Adenauer of West Germany, EDC offered a decent, responsible future for Germany. If Germany were accepted and regarded as an equal by her neighbors, moderation and democracy in Germany seemed assured of success. The electorate which put Adenauer back in office with a smashing majority in 1953 seemed to be voting not for the German state but for the idea of Europe.

To visionaries in Europe, EDC seemed the crown to the cooperation already achieved in the coal-steel community, the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, and the Strasbourg Assembly. EDC and the coal-steel community would have been governed by an all-West European legislature. A Europe-wide state of limited but real power would have come into existence. This, they felt, was the last, best hope for Europe. Monnet, Bidault, Schuman, Spaak, Adenauer and others devoted their careers to it. De Gasperi, it is said, died of a broken heart because it was failing.

The advocates of European unity came mostly —although by no means exclusively—from the Christian Democratic parties in France, Germany and Italy. This created one of the fundamental problems. Some parties and people, especially from the socialist movement, were too engrossed in the anti-clericalism of past years and too conscious of the Catholic political hostility toward the new republics of the last century, really to understand the Christian Democratic movement or to trust such a Catholic-supported plan as this. "Christian Europe" was the term applied to European unity in these circles, and it was not a friendly term.

Last month these divergent forces of hope, distrust, idealism, expediency, fear and nationalism, each quality existing in some measure in each European, locked in conflict in Brussels, and the result was both victory and defeat. The advocates of real unification, a supra-national EDC, rejected the modifications submitted by Premier Mendes-France. French supporters of the treaty, socialist leaders and the MRP, told Mendes-France that if the treaty were modified he might win Gaullist votes but would lose their backing. It was all or nothing; at the end of the Brussels meeting, it was nothing.

Mendes-France left Brussels for Great Britain. There he hoped Sir Winston Churchill might agree to bring Britain into some kind of permanent European alliance so as to counterbalance Germany and save something of the European movement. He failed.

One thing is left for Mendes-France to do now. He can put the treaty in its original form to a vote in the French Assembly. He might force it through if he were to make it a matter of confidence. If that fails, then the European dream is broken. Germany will be rearmed independently. Some form of coalition will undoubtedly be formed with the other European nations, but all of the things greater than rearmament, greater than expediency, which have been embodied in the EDC idea, will be gone, rejected by the nation which had conceived them, and the curtain will fall on this drama of Europe's hope.

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The Asian Horizon

ASIA IS IN A REVOLUTION WHOSE OUTCOME IS MORE THAN A LITTLE DOUBTFUL

WILLIAM PFAFF

PHOENIX Asia is the place where the world is being changed, and the place where the obituary of Western civilization may conceivably be written.

The cold war problem we faced in Europe was to defend a civilization which was shared by the nations of the area. In Asia the West has a problem much more subtle than the military one, although the military problem exists and is frequently and disastrously underestimated. The major problem in Asia is one of culture and history.

A series of civilizations, fallen and dormant in history's terms of power, are reawakening. Ancient in tradition and culture, they must deal with the modern world on its own terms, but they have skipped centuries of the arduous development which the West underwent. Some have parliamentary institutions, but knew little of the Magna Charta or the Anglo-Saxon or Continental legal systems of the West until the beginnings of modern general education in Asia, around the first of this century. Today they have tank and truck armies, but at the time when Sherman and Napoleon were creating modern warfare they were armed with swords and shields. Major General Charles A. Willoughby recently contended in *The Freeman,* quite seriously, that the West's fatal mistake in the Orient was made on that day when a British trooper showed an Asian how the rifle worked. This plaintive argument may not be much credit to General Willoughby, but it illustrates the Asian revolution, the leap from past to present, the telescoping by India and China of three centuries into three decades.

The Asian political and industrial revolution, then, is one which lives on borrowed tradition. India and the other former British colonies and the Philippines have had the most experience with at least the forms of democratic institutions, but in India these extend back only through a century and a half of British rule, and elsewhere in Southeast Asia they go back only to about 1870 when the "new colonialism" was established. These ex-colonies also have the advantage of some degree of civil-service tradition, again begun by the British and Americans. Indonesia and Indochina were not so fortunate. There the occupying powers, Holland and France, permitted few Asians to hold any responsibility in government. The greatest administrative tradition in Asia exists in Japan, but it is not fundamentally a democratic tradition. There is only very recent precedent in Japan for that idea of the government official's public accountability so necessary to a functioning democracy.

THE lack of tradition is seen in matters of political ideology. Burma and India, where the intellectual *is* the politician, have some of the characteristics of philosopher-kingship. The educated and politically knowledgeable class is a small one as yet and holds power in fact, even though the machinery of democracy extends down to the villages. The liberal democracies of Asia have shown unprecedented courage in successfully opening elections to the great mass of illiterate and unsophisticated citizens, but parties and programs are necessarily the responsibility of an elite.

Asian socialism, dominant in intellectual circles, is strongly ideological in its anti-capitalism and consequent anti-Westernism at a time when to a large extent the experienced European socialist movement is muting Marxism and rethinking its program in remarkably pragmatic terms. At the Asian Socialist Conference in Rangoon in 1953, the Western socialist guests seemed rather like strangers. In the end, the Asians decided against joining the Western socialist alliance and formed their own group, an indication of their basic differences with the older movement.

The new nations of Asia also have a profoundly ambivalent attitude towards technology. The refrain from a current popular song, "I love you but I hate you," might have been written for Asian intellectuals. They want industrialization and technology and the material wealth which goes with them, but they also dread a destruction of the community values of the village system, and hence they fear technicalization and mechanization which they identify with the United States. They are afraid that their culture will disappear

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into the grimy maw of the made-in-America factory. In the anti-Americanism resulting from this attitude there is more than a little of that fear of the future—projected onto the United States— which Hannah Arendt has elsewhere ascribed to Europe.

Thus Asia is in a revolution whose outcome is more than a little doubtful. Even in the West, with its rather long tradition of the rule of law and of representative government, democracy is not a sure thing. It has collapsed in certain countries and may do so again. And the East has not only to contend with revolution, but with Communist aggression.

THE victory of the Communists in China gave the Communist movement control over a substantial area in which this reawakening is taking place. It gave Communism an astounding and powerful half of the world, possessing wholly internal lines of communication, with one border in the great Western city of Vienna and stretching across the greatest landmass in the world to the Buddhist frontiers of Thailand and Burma.

Generalizations about Asia must be taken with an understanding of the three-fold political division of the area. There is Communist Asia: China, Tibet, North Korea, and North Viet Nam. There is the Asia of liberal democracy: India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, the Philippines and Indonesia, nations of varying stability—Indonesia, in fact, is staggering dangerously, divided, with a strong Communist minority in the government. And there is the Asia of right-wing authoritarianism: Thailand is a prosperous dictatorship on a rather old oriental model; Formosa is a dictatorship which at times has inched towards democracy but never made it; South Korea is a parliamentary democracy governed by a popular despot—a supreme example of the tradition-less democracy. Japan is a separate case; it deserves to be counted a liberal democracy, but because of its too-recent try for a Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere and its present trend back towards authoritarianism, the liberal democracies are disinclined to have it join them.

Unfortunately, it is authoritarian Asia, together with Japan and the Philippines, which is "U.S. Asia." In July, Colgate University held its excellent annual Conference on American Foreign Policy. Among the speakers was the Ceylonese Ambassador to the United States. In commenting on the states being proposed for membership in the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, Britain, Australia, New Zealand, the United States, Thailand and the Philippines, Ambassador Gunewardene said with a rather grim smile: "Britain 1, 2, and 3; the United States 1, 2, and 3." The Ambassador added:

> . . .the suggestions for a SEATO have given rise to the impression in many Asian countries that it is a scheme which is going to be superimposed on Asians by countries outside that area. My personal view is that any suggestion for the organization of a SEATO should come spontaneously from the Southeast Asian countries themselves and that any participation by countries outside that area should be by invitation. I can say with confidence that should the Southeast Asian countries sincerely feel that the threat of Communism required in time to come a military organization on the lines of NATO in Southeast Asia, they will certainly not be slow to organize a scheme for collective defense and to invite the cooperation of the Western powers. . . .

It should be noted that Ceylon is in foreign policy considerably less "neutralist" than India, considerably colder in its dealings with Peiping.

Thus the Western nations face the problem of how to go about attempting to save Asia whether it wants to be saved or not, for it assuredly must be saved, and there is perhaps less time left than the Ceylonese Ambassador would admit.

PEACE in Indochina means, of course, anything but peace. The Geneva conference won merely a paper regularization of a Western military and political defeat. Communist pressure is already increasing on the people of South Viet Nam to aid—or resign themselves to—the Communist seizure of their country. (And reports say that the attitude of many of the French there is still as venal and shortsighted as it had been before the propitiatory valor of Dienbienphu.)

The Communist pressure on South Viet Nam is paralleled by a propaganda offensive against Thailand. The "Free Thai" movement proclaimed in Chinese propaganda last year has reappeared. A former Thai premier and war hero, Pridi Phanomyong, now with the Communists, has broadcast appeals to the Thais to revolt against their present government. Here again there is an urgent threat of a clandestinely-controlled civil war against a right-wing government.

Thailand, like Formosa and South Korea, is a dictatorship, but all these are, so to speak, old-fashioned dictatorships. They leave the individual some measure of private peace, and in normal times it would not be unreasonable to expect them to be replaced by more moderate governments within the next generation, if not sooner. They are hardly admirable governments, but they differ in kind from totalitarianism, with its ruthless demands on every element of the population and social structure, and its terrible enforcement of total intellectual and spiritual allegiance.

The situation in Thailand differs from that in Indochina because of Thailand's historic independence of

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colonialism, but here, as in the Chinese civil war, the cause of the free world is defended by a despotism, benevolent perhaps, and indigenous, but hardly a symbol likely to rally the literate and prosperous Thai people.

The third Communist offensive, psychological with an imminent threat of war, is against Formosa. The Chinese Communists have since the first of August repeatedly stated that they intend to "liberate" that island.

COMMUNIST China, since Geneva, is more than an Asian power. It is an acknowledged world power which dominated the Geneva conference and there showed none of the groveling submission to the USSR which characterizes the European satellites. Among those in Europe who persist in a sentimental attachment to any claim of a workers' or peasants' revolt, China possesses the magnetism which the Soviet Union once had. Among the Bevanite faction of the British Labor Party, neutralists on the Continent, and that curious, battered but hardy group in this country which rallies round *The Nation*, there is a considerable amount of pro-Chinese feeling, rationalization of Chinese aggressiveness, and apologetics for Chinese totalitarianism.

Among Asian intellectuals and political leaders the tendency is to deplore Communism as such, but to regard it as a passing phase, and perhaps a challenging one, in the legitimate development of a new China. Chou En-lai is highly regarded, especially since Geneva. Western strictures against China are taken as being, for the most part, doctrinaire political propaganda.

The fact, of course, is that the great nation of China, a historic friend of the United States, a nation of people who have suffered generations of a purgatory which ought to make well-fed Americans weep, is now ruled by a rigid Communist dictatorship, consolidating itself by totalitarian measures probably unmatched by anything outside of the population transfers of the USSR or the practice of genocide by Nazi Germany. It is governed by extraordinarily capable and ambitious men who unfortunately appear to be more ambitious and less prudent than their Soviet counterparts.

Assume, then, that China will continue its offensives against Thailand, Formosa and the remainder of Indochina, and in some degree, depending on opportunity, will menace the independence of Burma, Indonesia, and the small nations on the Sino-Indian border. The West must meet this offensive, both to protect itself against the very genuine danger to the West which would result from China's control of more raw materials, more food-producing areas, and more potential soldiers, as well as in the common debt of humanity owed to our fellow-men in Asia.

The next Communist attack in Asia is not likely to come in the form of direct military action, unless there should be an invasion of Formosa (which China would argue to be not aggression but a continuation of an unfinished civil war—a claim which is recognized by the United States by virtue of its support of Nationalist China as the legitimate government, and which would, technically, hoist us by our own petard).

What is more likely is an attempt to gain influence in non-Communist governments (as in Indonesia) by legitimate means together with the use of extortion, violence, and conspiracy such as has characterized Communist minorities in other democratic governments. Once the Communists have a strong minority position, particularly if it includes control or influence over the police and government communications, they would have the capacity for a seizure of power.

They may also be expected to direct uprisings, and if possible, clandestinely-controlled and supplied civil war in Thailand or Burma, or possibly even in provinces of India. And if the supervisory commission in Indochina is lax or hamstrung, there may be new violence there.

There is no reason at all to think that one or more of these offensives will not take place in the immediate future. And one may ask what the United States is going to do about it.

THE NATO technique cannot satisfactorily be applied to Asia because of the neutralist sentiment dominant in the major liberal democracies of Southeast Asia. Neutralism is a result of manifold historical and cultural factors; damning it will only deepen it; abandoning the states which practice it will only assist the Communists.

A modified, two-cylinder version of the NATO strategy is now being planned in the Philippines. It will include the Anzac powers, Britain, France, the Philippines, and Thailand. Its terms are expected to be rather loose (considerably less specific in defining the form which action to meet aggression is to take than the NATO agreement), and its membership excludes all but one of the nations which are seriously threatened at present. Useful it will be, but hardly an adequate answer to the Asian problem.

For the remainder of Asia—threatened Asia—American policy at the moment seems to be what Mr.

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Eisenhower defined as that of "the good partner." In short, we will keep our mouths shut and see what happens.

The flaw in this policy is that things are likely to happen too fast for us to invent policy; we should know ahead of time what we plan to do to meet Mr. Chou's moves.

One admirable feature of this policy is that it may give India, Burma and Ceylon time and reason to take a second look at Chinese intentions. (At the Colombo Conference this spring there was a distinct distrust of Communist Chinese professions expressed by the representatives of Pakistan, Ceylon, and, in a measure, Burma.) But the good partner policy is actually the making of a virtue out of a necessity. The plain fact is that in this area there are an enormous number of useful things which are impossible for us to accomplish. Sovereign nations may be wrong and indeed willful, but they are still sovereign.

Our long-range policy towards the neutralist nations can, then, only be that of trying to increase friendship, enhance trust, and remove suspicions. The economic provisions of the SEATO treaty, open as they probably will be to all interested Southeast Asian nations, will be useful in this as will the continuance of our other economic programs. These nations are most profoundly concerned with economic problems.

BUT winning trust calls for a kind of imagination and flexibility in diplomacy and propaganda we have chronically lacked. The observation has been made that the United States has the choice of three approaches to Southeast Asia. The first is to capitalize on the United States' anti-colonial past and commit ourselves unreservedly to all of the manifestations of the Asian revolution. This the United States is psychologically and politically incapable of doing. We are, in comparison with Asia, basically conservative, and to pretend that we are not is very likely a form of liberal sentimentality.

The second approach is the reactionary one (if an emotional term may be applied to a consistent, if wrong, position): to support the remnants of colonialism, initiate American-supported war on China, and abandon those nations which do not back us (in other words, all but the Republic of Korea and Formosa China). The third is to recognize that the reactionary course would turn South Asia completely against us, drive it into an "anti-colonial" alliance with China, and almost certainly result in a general war for which the term catastrophic would be inadequate; to recognize instead that the interests of the United States and indeed of Asia are best served by a cautious and persistent effort to maintain the political stability of Asia and to use what influence we have in the direction of democratic evolution and moderate government—even when moderate governments follow policies which we feel are ill-advised.

The difficulties here are enormous. We are very poorly regarded in Asia, where the word of our racial discrimination and McCarthyism has penetrated and been ruthlessly exploited by anti-American groups. For example, an author in the sophisticated and responsible Ceylonese political and literary quarterly, *Community*, says: "There is at least a small minority of Asian liberals who see that American intolerance of any non-satellite nations may be interpreted as springing from an unworthy obsession with the idea of America's becoming a master-nation. . . . To the liberal-minded Asian, perhaps, there is little to choose between the Russian secret police and the 'Un-American Activities Committee.'"

An additional complication springs from the differences between our kind of capitalism and the kind Asia knows. In commenting at the Colgate Foreign Policy Conference on the current estrangement between the United States and its Atlantic allies, James Reston of the New York *Times* said that in the early postwar years the European nations were actually allied, not with the United States of America, but with the Democratic Party. There is a great deal of truth in this, and the same perceptive comment can be extended to Asia. The liberal democracies of Asia felt a certain sympathy with the Democratic Administrations because of their history of internationalism and social legislation, a sympathy which they do not, and perhaps cannot, feel towards the (to them) suspiciously pro-business and McCarthy-influenced Republican Party. Some of Mr. Eisenhower's campaign speeches and some of Mr. Dulles' adventures in psychological warfare have reinforced that opinion.

THE United States, then, must make a difficult, perhaps inconclusive long-term effort to improve relations with the liberal democracies of Asia, and to assist them to the tactful best of our ability to persevere in stable democratic evolution. But we also have the ugly immediate problem of potential Chinese aggression against a state not a party to SEATO, or against SEATO itself.

If the attack is against SEATO, then we will have to fight. Here the involvement of Britain, Thailand

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and the Philippines under a collective defense agreement will, if we are fortunate, keep the rest of Asia on our side. Such an event could, therefore, be the means of swaying Asia away from neutralism towards the West. (By and large, Asia was sympathetic to us in the Korean war until the march to the Yalu gave China a propaganda reason to intervene.)

If the Communist attack or civil uprising is against a non-SEATO nation, we will obviously be able to act only upon the appeal of the nation unlucky enough to be the victim. SEATO is to be left "open-ended" however, so that endangered nations will be free to come in under shelter if they wish. Here again, if there is an appeal from the nation under attack, we have no alternative to military action unless we wish to abdicate entirely.

This military action must be ground and air action like that in Korea, not massive retaliation. That is a hard doctrine, and in many ways an "uneconomic" one from the military point of view (although such a military analyst as B. H. Liddell Hart would agree, arguing that the H-bomb has moved us "into a new era of strategy that is very different to what is assumed by the advocates of the air-atomic power. . . . there is scope . . . for a counter-strategy" which permits the intelligent counter-exploitation of the enemy's new methods of silent war). But to adopt the massive retaliation view presupposes a laboratory analysis which simply does not fit the realities of Asia. The massive retaliation concept also rests on the old American illusion that one more war will solve all problems. We should know better by this time.

TO defeat China by atomic bombardment would solve no basic problem; we would then face a bitter Asia joined with the remnants of China in burning hatred of the United States and its atomic weapon—a weapon whose victims, Asians significantly point out, have thus far been exclusively Asian. And it should be remembered that we should face such a situation only in the unlikely event that Russia and the Chinese (now constructing their own atomic weapons) did not exercise massive retaliation of their own against us and enlarge the war into the war to end wars.

The necessity for a firm military commitment to Asia is not one likely to be popular in an America just released from the Korean war, where the sentiment to keep our "boys" at home has already helped bring defeat in Indochina. Yet we cannot afford to repeat the confusion and blundering of these last few months. The fact is, however, that the Administration is not explaining this harsh necessity to the American public. The cost of not doing so may be bigger than is dreamt of in Washington philosophy.

THE COHN DINNER

After the Ball

FRANK GIBNEY

MR. Roy Cohn, the quick-witted New York lawyer, had himself quite a gathering at the Hotel Astor recently. Some twenty-five hundred guests crowded into three tiers of tables in the Grand Ballroom one evening late in July and listened to five hours of steady speech-making—interrupted only by applause and some stirring vocal selections—with extraordinary enthusiasm. They came, in the words of the banquet's guiding spirit, Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, to cheer "the symbol of the people's revolt against politicians soft on treason, professors soft in the head and writers talking softly about Hiss and Oppenheimer, but loudly against McCarthy and Cohn." Their mood was righteous, patriotic and, in a disturbing way, religious. It was also pretty angry, for all concerned were conscious that Roy and his boss, Joseph R. McCarthy, had sustained some kind of repulse in their widely discussed crusade.

The next day's newspapers quoted Senator McCarthy as conceding a temporary victory to the "opposition." They made what they could of his statement that he would retain Roy Cohn ("the most brilliant man I have ever been in contact with") as an advisor, if in an informal way. Cohn's answering statement at the close of his testimonial dinner was also quoted, as he thanked McCarthy and his other friends with a last warning that Congressional committees are vital in making the facts of the Communist menace public. But the meeting, in the front-page sense, was not very newsworthy. Just about every-

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thing in it had been said before. What made it of consuming interest was not content but manner—the people who attended it, how they acted, and how their message was given them.

Unquestionably, this was a most comprehensive assembly of "McCarthyites." Besides Roy, the Senator and a few of the more prominent boys on the McCarthy sub-committee staff, there was an assortment of zealots comparable in their intensity only to the personnel of meetings organized in past years by groups like the old Communist-sponsored League Against War and Fascism.

George Sokolsky and Fulton Lewis, Jr. sat on the dais, while Westbrook Pegler and John T. Flynn modestly held tables on the floor. Alfred Kohlberg, the New York importer, was there to raise some sympathetic chuckles about his part in that mythical "China lobby." Miss Vivian Kellems, long well-known for her fight against social security taxes, was the principal representative of Adam Smith untrammeled. William F. Buckley, Jr., the godly Ivy Leaguer, represented the shrewd theoretical wing of the alliance, ballasted by Dr. Clarence E. Manion, of Bricker Amendment fame, who, no matter what public post he may hold, seems destined to perpetual identification as the former Dean of the Notre Dame Law School. Theodore Roosevelt's son, Archibald, was there to sustain the honor of America's old families. In his corner there were a few Sons of the American Revolution and a flower-decked delegation from the Minute Women of America.

I went to the Roy Cohn banquet with a few equally inquisitive friends—we were probably the only paying non-sympathizers in the house. Other friends of liberal political view looked at us in incredulity after the rally, when we said that we had been there. For, to grant one-half of a staple in the McCarthy collection of half-truths, it is true that many honest American liberals would shrink from the Astor meeting as from an assemblage of peculiarly vicious freaks, where they would have attended something like a rally of the League Against War and Fascism—or even a present-day rally of the Progressive Party—with an attitude of "healthy curiosity."

It is a pity that more people could not have seen what we saw. It was a rarely concentrated chance to see the forces of "McCarthyism" under glass, to see them realistically as quite the "dupes" which they call their opponents, although hardly the vicious, malevolent "Fascist-minded" people which so many of the anti-McCarthy forces foolishly label them. They were, I should say, particularly honest, God-fearing and, above all, "decent" dupes, but people convinced that every premise has to have an immediately visible conclusion, and that political conviction and moral certitude are indistinguishable.

AS a Catholic of Irish extraction, I was intimately interested in the banquet group. So many names were familiar-sounding, and some of those present were friends of mine. Not only was there a priest, the venerable editorial cudgeler Father James M. Gillis, on the dais, but there were Roman collars liberally sprinkled throughout the hall. A few priests even appeared on the roster of those who had taken tables. There were also quite a few Jews present, all presumably friendly to Kohlberg's American Jewish League Against Communism, one of the dinner's sponsors. To round out the alliance, there was Archie Roosevelt and the DAR-type groups, holding the fort for the native American of Anglo-Saxon ancestry. Still, from what I saw, it is safe to call Roy's banquet principally an Irish-Catholic gathering. There were odd copies of the *Irish Echo* scattered on the tables. It was an Irish tenor, Mr. John Feeney, who sang the intermission melodies—a patriotic blending of George M. Cohan and Irving Berlin. The people were the people you might see at the graduation exercises of an Irish Christian Brothers' high school. I felt, with a chill, very much at home.

The meeting was crowded and successful, as its sponsors claimed, and there were hopeful people still trying to buy tickets outside when I arrived. Rabbi Schultz may have been gilding the lily just a bit when he spoke of the six thousand people who were turned away far in advance—we had no trouble ordering a table just a few days before the shouting started—but he was substantially correct. The diners looked a fairly prosperous lot, and they were as well-behaved as righteous people should be. In return for their patience, in fact, they got a corking good show. The Joint Committee Against Communism in New York may have whipped up the rally in a hurry, but they showed a smoothness of organization which they ordinarily attribute to their enemies.

After Father Gillis' opening invocation, Rabbi Schultz took the ball. He is a commanding man who blends the airs of clergyman and toastmaster so successfully that his appeals to hurry up the dessert had the sonority of invocations and his invocations the clarity of table talk. As a warm-up, Rabbi Schultz did the usual round of telegram- and tribute-reading, sparking his announcements with introductions of distinguished guests, like Pegler, Manion, Mrs. Styles Bridges, Francis P. Carr, James Juliana and Robert Vogeler. It was an audience that applauded easily, rolling its cheers out in growing volume, particularly for groups of patriots like the Minute Women, the pro-America delegation from Dallas, and the attending representatives of the Veterans organizations.

When all the chicken had been served, Rabbi Schultz started the parade of the "people," just plain people, who wanted to honor Roy on behalf of their

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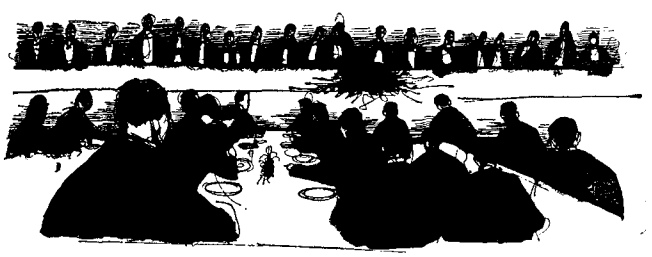
organizations. (They got roughly a minute apiece to do this.) Quite a combination of speechmakers made their way to the dais. There was a girl of determined mien, representing a union, who presented Roy with a scroll on behalf of "The hewers of wood and the drawers of water. . . .We Americans are now ready to take definite offensive action to rid our country of the Communists." To back the attack, a Mr. Clement Asbury of the Sons of the Revolution gave Roy a testimonial paperweight, previously used, he said, by George Washington and the late Representative Sol Bloom. The representative of the Wall Street Post of the American Legion, presenting his scroll to Roy, pledged the post's support against all those who further the aims of Communism, "wittingly or unwittingly." This was greatly applauded.

There were several delegates of Jewish War Veterans' posts present. Like a disproportionately large number of the others, they came from the borough of Queens (small wonder that the Democratic vote there is low, these days). One, the chairman of his post's Americanism and Anti-Discrimination Committee, apparently wore two hats, since he was also, he proudly said three or four times, chairman of the "anti-Peress faction of the Parent Teachers' Association of PS 49."



The Catholics, however, were more heavily in evidence. An official of the Ancient Order of Hibernians (after a brief reference to the wrongs of Ireland) gave Roy a plaque, supporting his stand with a quotation showing that Pope Pius XII was against Communism, too. Close behind him was the President of the Archdiocesan Holy Name Society of New York, and at least three representatives of the Catholic War Veterans. Father Gillis nodded in contentment on the dais, as the litanies of "God-fearing young men," "God bless you, Roy," "great defender of . . .," "fighters against atheistic Communism" rolled out, phrase after phrase. The chairman of the Queens County Young Republican Club hit it on the nose when he later said: "There's not a single praiseworthy adjective which has not been plucked out of the dictionary and used . . . tonight."

IT was left to a young orator, however, to put over the climax of the people's section, and Mr. George Reisman, 17, of the Students for America (Columbia University chapter) gave the audience the works. Roy Cohn, he said, was "pilloried. . . . You have been too kind, too courteous, too considerate to realize the full extent of the left smear-bund"—at this McCarthy shook Cohn's hand—"Roy," he added, was "the American Dreyfus case," the victim of the Communists and their "blood-brothers," the Socialists, the New Dealers and the "Eisenhower-Dewey Republicans." At this, cries of "more" went up from the crowd, and the applause turned itself into a din of foot-stamping and table-pounding. "Out of the mouths of babes," said Rabbi Schultz.

The heavyweight speakers on the dais were a more practiced crew, with the look of men who had long ago practiced "Spartacus to the Gladiators" with pebbles in their mouths. Godfrey Schmidt, a former professor at the Fordham Law School, led off with a polished Ciceronian warning that nations are usually destroyed from within. If France, for example, "effete, weak and cowardly" had had a Senator McCarthy and Roy Cohn to arouse its people, he said, the traitors and the dupes would not have undermined it so neatly.

Sokolsky, speaking more in the lecture-circuit manner, told several amusing stories before beginning an apostrophe to Judge and Mrs. Albert Cohn about what a fine boy they had. "Your son," he told them, "represents in American life something that we did not know existed." Along with this accurate observation, he said that the day was quickly coming when "no man dares to run for public office except on a platform of sincere anti-Communism."

Just after the tenor finished with "God Bless America," Alfred Kohlberg got up and went to work on Senator Flanders, who received a volume of hissing second only to Senator Lehman's. Senator Flanders, he said, was the kind of soft-headed dupe who thought that a moose culture enterprise in northern Vermont could do some damage to Joe Stalin—and there were a few odd remarks about anti-Semitism thrown in. Next, Fulton Lewis, Jr. talked about his struggles to get the truth past the viciously slanted left-wing press, radio and television—a theme that everyone there took pains to develop. By this time, the audience was in a rousing, hissing mood. So when William F. Buckley, Jr. mentioned the hated name "Edward R. Murrow"—used as an antonym for Whittaker Chambers—this enthusiasm in reverse knew no bounds.

For the rest Buckley gave the kind of single-breasted speech expected of the house's "intellectual without quotation marks," as Rabbi Schultz had it. Speaking in tones of such polite prep-school nasality that they threatened to disappear beneath his striped tie, Buckley told his happy audience how and why rascally Ivy Leaguers and the "liberal" professors at Columbia could hardly be expected to give a man like Roy Cohn

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his due. Why, he assured them, you could assemble in a telephone booth the numbers of the Columbia faculty who would gather to honor a distinguished alumnus like Roy Cohn. He was probably correct.

ROUNDING off the program, Archibald Roosevelt took the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* to task for their slanting of the news, climaxing the anti-media section of the evening's speeches. Boos and hisses multiplied. With this the cast of villains was neatly rounded off. Murrow, Lehman, Flanders *et al.* had their assigned roles. The stage was set, as Rabbi Schultz said, for the hero: "I know that all will be well with our hero. I know that he will win."

As Joe McCarthy stepped up to the microphone, the applause wrapped itself around him. Glasses were rung, hands rhythmically smashed on tables, and surges of cheering went on for a good three minutes. Although I have generally thought it is misleading hyperbole immediately to shout "fascist" at McCarthy or similarly minded American political figures, I did have more than a flicker of concern this time. The unintentional—and in its way, rather sympathetic humor of the early speakers, earnestly stammering their Americanism—had worn off. There was only the crowd, the flash of television cameras, the uniformed men from the detective agency watchfully patrolling the second balcony—and the hero in the spotlight, trying to calm his followers, since his half-hour of radio time was running out.

Those cheering, as I watched them, were quite as clearly as before kind, honest and respectable citizens. An odd by-product of the Cohn rally was that I thought a little more charitably of the kind, honest and respectable German citizens who had voted Nazi to fight the Communists. Perhaps "hate the cheer, but love the cheerer" should be adopted as a variant on the old moral maxim.

As a Catholic, what bothered me most about the mood of the banqueters was the indomitable godliness, the constantly repeated thought that Heaven had put a blanket security clearance on the activities of Joe and Roy (God bless them) and personally endorsed their crusade. It was an idea as uncomfortable to me, and, I might have thought, to many Catholics, as the Puritan-model prayer offered by the Rev. George W. E. Nickelsburg of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church in Hastings-on-Hudson, a prayer in which long admonitions to God to smite down the Republic's enemies (or the group's enemies—the distinction was not emphasized) were at last belatedly suffixed by a quick acknowledgment of our humility in His sight.

I hardly class as a theological student, but I have always felt that the confusion of religious truth and political conviction is an error to which Calvinists are far more susceptible than Catholics (Mr. Dulles, for one, frequently falls into it). The reason would seem to be the historic accent of their faith on the sanctity and salvation of the elect, and the necessity to make the corporate voice of the community elders the custodian of religious truth. It is hard to keep the elders from mixing politics in with their religion. In many churches of Calvin's tradition, in fact, the sermon on local political corruption may be the minister's principal annual contribution to faith and morals.

Catholicism is different. Possessing definite sacraments and a belief in divinely transmitted authority, both the Church and its principles are far more clearly the custodian of religion, above and outside the political feelings of the believers. Because of this, and because of the universality of the Church, the Popes of modern times have been more reluctant than Protestant dignitaries to pronounce on the righteousness of specific political causes, even though they may support the moral principles which animate the political movements of a particular nation at a specific moment in history. The Pope, for example, will support the moral principles of the natural law behind American democracy. But, to the distress of many conservative Americans, he will not, although condemning the evils of Communism, enroll the moral power of the Church as an agent of the American polity, as it exists in 1954. (The liberals had their day of complaining in the 1930s and during World War II, when the Pope refused to make a blanket endorsement of the democratic powers—and Russia—contenting himself with condemning specific Nazi excesses.)

Most of the people at the Roy Cohn rally would have been happy to call themselves crusaders. Yet the medieval crusaders fought for religion, not for a combined politico-moral system. All the speeches at the Astor were on behalf of a political side, disguised as a principle. Hence the identification of dupes with traitors, as equally punishable. The dupes, one gathered, were guility of not belonging to the political elect—and there was not much that they could do about it. Early Americans like the Rev. Cotton Mather would have found this Puritan philosophy congenial.

THE supreme elder of the loyalty creed, to the distress of everyone, did not make the rousing speech that the occasion called for, but contented himself with a few words praising his assistant. Cohn, at the end, summed up the creed's code: "Any time Senator McCarthy needs any help or advice, I feel it my duty as a private citizen to help a man who has done so much for our country."

As a member of a pretty God-fearing generation, I remember going through my college and war years shaking my head along with the rest of the young men

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who read T. S. Eliot, truly discouraged by the preceding generation of "decent, godless people," those fellows who had read the Boston *Transcript* and lost all the golf balls, whose secular liberalism demonstrably left a void in the spiritual life of the Republic because they believed in accidents and neglected substances, regarded principles as suspect and tried to build a world on progressive particulars. Now that the tide has turned, in a country with such strong Protestant traditions as ours, one might expect the opposite evil: a swing towards the most dogmatic form of Puritanism, the tradition, ever alive, that equates religion and patriotism, the worship of God and the service of the Massachussetts Bay Colony. At such a time, it should be the Catholic who is clear in the distinction between the things of the spirit and those of the world. It should be his duty and his distinction to apply the principles of religion to political matters without hopelessly merging the two.

Sadly, a great portion of the cheering Puritans at the Astor the night I was there were people who go to Mass on Sunday.

LABOR & LAYMEN

Around the Convention Circuit

FOR about the first fifty miles Joe Dever was singing, "When the moon heets your eye like a beeg pizza pie, that's *amore*." But after that things quieted down a little. The children were very good, on the whole, and the Chevrolet (see The Commonweal, June 18) held up fine.

We left the family with the in-laws in upstate New York and the next day Joe and I drove on to Cleveland for the ACTU convention at the Hollenden Hotel. The first night there we forgot to lock our door and a thief stole in, stole the money out of our wallets, and stole out again while we slept. Very considerate of him to be so quiet. He was also good enough to leave the wallets.

The next day we were listening to one of the convention speakers, who declared that "What we need is more Christian-thinking men on every level." Dever leaned over and added, "Especially on the sixth floor." This was the funniest remark made at the convention.

The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists was founded in 1937 and this was its ninth convention. It naturally reminded me of the first convention, which was held in Cleveland in 1940. Some of the faces were the same: Marty Wersing, John Sheehan and George Donahue of New York; Father Rice of Pittsburgh; Jim Nolan and Father Bartko of Cleveland, Father (now Monsignor) Higgins of Washington.

But the faces were older and the earlier enthusiasm was naturally tempered. There were younger men and women there too, maybe not enough of them, but good material.

The most impressive part of the meeting was the Mass on Sunday, celebrated by Archbishop Hoban in the cathedral. Afterwards, standing in the sanctuary holding his Bishop's crook, a striking figure with his silver hair and handsome face, the Archbishop gave the delegates not only his own blessing but a special Apostolic Benediction from the Holy Father, Pius XII.

To most of the delegates this expression of approval from their Church was particularly moving because the ACTU has been the target of considerable criticism (The Commonweal, March 5, 1954).

Monsignor George Higgins, assistant director of the Social Action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, gave the sermon from the same pulpit occupied by the great Monsignor John A. Ryan at the convention of 1940. His sermon, already commented on by this magazine, was in the best Ryan tradition. I liked his nomination of Saint Pius X as the patron saint of Catholic Action, partly because it was Pius X who in 1912 first called for organizations like ACTU to bring Christ and His teachings to the trade union movement.

On Sunday night there was a lively, and at times hot, discussion on the importance of spiritual formation in the work of the ACTU. One group of delegates felt that the ACTU must spend more of its time and energy in this field if it is (1) to regain the vitality of its early years, (2) disarm its critics, (3) develop the only kind of union leaders, or rank-and-filers, who can be trusted to carry Christ to the workers both in word and example, (4) meet the requirements of Pius XI when he wrote the passage in *Quadragesimo Anno* which the ACTU itself uses as its papal charter, namely, "Side by side with these unions there should always be associations zealously engaged in imbuing their members in the teaching of religion and morality so that they in turn may be able to permeate the unions with that good spirit which should direct them in all their activity." Fraternal delegates from the Catholic Labor Alliance of Chicago and the Catholic Labor Guild of Boston told of the use of the cell technique to develop more enthusiastic, and practical, Christian leaders.

Others maintained that the ACTU should go on being the same kind of organization it had been: concentrating on labor schools, forums, the taking of public positions, of aid and advice to embattled union-

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ists, publishing of newspapers, etc. with occasional running of such spiritual functions as Labor Day Masses, days of recollection, and communion breakfasts. Off the floor one of the ACTU pioneers referred to the Jocist-type cells somewhat contemptuously as "sewing circles."

On the floor the anti-cell delegates had the better orators, but the pro-cell, pro-greater-spiritual-formation spokesmen had what I believe were the better arguments.

TO make up our financial losses several delegates pressed money upon us, which we accepted altogether too eagerly, and John Sheehan and Father Schneider, Cleveland ACTU chaplain, floated handsome loans. So Joe and I continued next day on to Notre Dame in the edifying company of Bob Senser, assistant editor of *Work,* to sample the study week of the Young Christian Workers.

By this time we were beginning to feel like the character in Vincent Giese's *The Apostolic Itch,* the young man whose favorite recreation was "doing the apostolate."

There were no symptoms of age, or self-doubt, no lack of enthusiasm at the YCW meeting. There were nearly three hundred fellows and girls present, and over fifty chaplains. I had forgotton that young Americans can still sing, despite all the efforts of radio and television to do their singing for them. They sang morning, noon, and night—at Mass in the morning, waiting in line for lunch at noon, and at night under the magnificently expert, and amusing, direction of Father Connolly of Hubbards Woods, Illinois.

For me the high point of our two days at Notre Dame was the opportunity to hear Monsignor Reynold Hillenbrand, national YCW chaplain, speak on the subject, "The Spirituality of the Young Worker." I said then, and I will say, that it was the finest talk I have ever heard in my life.

The last time I heard Monsignor Hillenbrand was at the Liturgical Conference in Boston in 1948. It seemed to me that there was a fire, an intensity to his words, that had not been there in 1948. This was combined with an intellectual grasp and perception that can only be described as formidable, together with a singular clarity and eloquence of expression.

If there was a central theme in Monsignor Hillenbrand's talk it was that "the Mass must be the center" and that if we remain close to that center Christ will radiate from it through us out to the farthest edges of our lives. After hearing that talk it was easier to understand why Monsignor Hillenbrand has had such a profound influence on the generation of young priests who came under his spell while he was rector of the Chicago diocesan seminary, and why these priests have in turn contributed so much to the social action movements of the Church in the United States.

SEVERAL weeks after returning from Notre Dame I had occasion to attend the convention of the American Newspaper Guild, CIO, in Los Angeles. Once again I was reminded of the tremendous importance of individuals in the life of any organization, and of the tremendous power for good that such key individuals hold in their hands.

Such an individual is Ed Marciniak, editor of *Work,* a founder of the Catholic Labor Alliance, and an international vice-president of the Newspaper Guild. In his quiet, and sometimes not-so-quiet, way Ed is a great influence for good in the Guild.

Because Ed was held up in Chicago waiting for the birth of his first baby, I had to fill in for him at a meeting of the Catholic Labor Institute of Los Angeles, an ACTU-like organization under the spiritual direction of Father Joseph Kearney. I was amazed and delighted at the size and enthusiasm of the crowd that came out to hear Marciniak on a warm summer's night, and had to settle for me. The chairman of the meeting was a bright and amusing young lawyer named Bud Ogren, and he and his lively wife introduced me to a whole circle of well-informed Catholics.

Friday night after the convention had ended Ed and I accompanied the Ogrens to a party of this sizable circle. Marciniak, who is something of a Hillenbrand product himself, and shows it, gave the group a most impressive off-the-cuff analysis of Catholic social action in America.

"What we have been doing in the field of labor," Ed pointed out, "is mostly producing a kind of Catholic rugged individualist." I had to smile at this because it struck home. "What we need," he added, "is more leaders who can work with people in a Christian way." Other Marciniak quotes:

"We have had two kinds of Catholic organizations in the social field: one the kind that is concerned primarily with carrying a standard, with taking a position as a group of Catholics on public issues, and so involving the Church on one side or the other of these issues. The other is concerned primarily with spiritual formation. . . .

"The average American underestimates the importance of social institutions in his life and over-

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estimates his ability, as an individual, to determine the course of his own life and to influence his environment. Our excess is to overestimate the importance of institutions and their influence and to underestimate the power of individuals to change institutions and to alter the complexion of their environment. . . .

"Don't sell short the thing that happens when a group of workers sit down to study the words of Christ, and don't underestimate the power of the Holy Spirit when two or three are gathered together in His name."

What all this reminds me of is the statement of the present Holy Father, Pius XII, that the reform of institutions must go hand in hand with the reform of individuals, and vice versa. And it seems to me that if there is to be a primary emphasis by Catholic organizations in the social field it must be on the spiritual reform of individuals, for the very simple reason that institutions cannot be reformed except through individuals, and if the character of the individual is inconsistent with the reform proposed, or unable to stand the pressures involved in any attempt to change anything in this stubborn old world, then there is little hope of reform for said institution.

I take this to be the burden also of the wise words of Monsignor Hillenbrand and Ed Marciniak.

FOLLOW-UP

I have been reminded by Dan McGlynn of Philadelphia, and others, that my column of June 18 on "The Time Payment Racket," and the difficulties of poor people in getting loans at reasonable interest rates, overlooked a most important solution to this problem, namely, credit unions. I accept this rebuke. The credit union, whether on a parish, community, labor union, or plantwide basis, is perhaps the best answer to the need for low-priced money.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE SCREEN

WITH CINEMASCOPE THROUGH THE AGES

WHILE I wasn't aware of the "million swaying bullrushes" referred to in the advertisement listing the glories of the "The Egyptian," I'm sure I took in all the other assets on view in Darryl E. Zanuck's $5,000,000 production. But I got surfeited long before the opulent movie had run its two-hour-and-twenty-minute course; and even though I appreciated all the evidences of research that went into this film on Akhnaton and fourteenth century B.C. Egypt, I got tired of the picture's stars (except for Judith Evelyn and Peter Ustinov, both of whom had a chance to give out with dramatics) and of the secondary players (except for Tommy Rettig, who is a remarkable child actor and Anitra Stevens, who looks lovely as Nefertiti without having to do very much) and of the thousands of extras as dancing girls, priests, soldiers, slaves and just citizens in the grandeurs and miseries of ancient Thebes.

But most of all I got weighted down by the plot. The script, written from Mika Waltari's lengthy novel by Philip Dunne and Casey Robinson, results in a curious mixture of spectacle and diatribe. Edmund Purdom (in the lead role of the young physician who goes through life questioning its values, loses his innocence in dalliance with a Babylonian courtesan, Bella Darvi, and then wanders through the years as a sort of Prodigal Son seeking the answers and contentment) has a fine, rich voice that he uses well in the long speeches on life and times and philosophy, but dialectics are not the stuff of which lively movies are made. In most cases Director Michael Curtiz seemed reluctant to let his actors loosen up; Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Gene Tierney and Michael Wilding are used more for decoration than to portray the flesh-and-blood characters the film wants us to believe lived in old Egypt. When it comes to spectacle, however, "The Egyptian" rises to the occasion as filmed in CinemaScope and handsome De Luxe Color. Its main theme, that of the physician's search for the meaning of life, is not very swaying—but the bullrushes are.

ADVANCING through the centuries, CinemaScope handsomely tackles another period of history, and aided by WarnerColor brings us "King Richard and the Crusaders." Based somewhat vaguely on Walter Scott's *The Talisman* and directed by David Butler, this is a robust affair mixing chivalry and romance. While dwelling on the problems of Richard the Lion Hearted (George Sanders) in competing in the Third Crusade, the story also concentrates on Richard's cousin (Virginia Mayo) and the competition she stirs up between two admirers: a Scottish knight (Laurence Harvey) and none other than Sultan Saladin himself (Rex Harrison).

The result is a twelfth-century swashbuckler that holds our interest but not necessarily our respect. Very often the moving pictures have the quality of lovely old tapestries. Some of the dialogue carried on by George, Virginia and Rex (the latter occasionally talks like a Confucius Said) detracts from the film's pictorial beauties; but if you accept all this as a medieval romp, you'll enjoy it.

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MOVING on a few more centuries, CinemaScope and Technicolor bring us to the time of Henry IV when knighthood was in flower and treachery was going on like mad in England. "The Black Shield of Falworth" stems from Howard Pyle's famous novel, *Men of Iron*, and does full justice to this lively story about a young man with a mysterious family crest who goes through the hard training school to become a knight. For once you get a feeling that those heavily armored fellows in the fifteenth century really had to work.

With all these fascinating scenes of ye olde time school days is a rather interesting story about this young man (Tony Curtis) and his sister (Barbara Rush) who are given refuge by an earl (Herbert Marshall) and finally helped to their rightful place in the involved social system of England. Tony's courtship of his protector's daughter (Janet Leigh) and his sister's romance add to the excitement, and of course so does all the chicanery that went on among royalty when Prince Hal was whooping it up and considered of dubious loyalty. "The Black Shield of Falworth" is the kind of movie that parents can take their kids to without feeling at all imposed upon. Both parents and kids will enjoy the training-school scenes and be glad that youngsters are no longer enrolled in that kind of a system.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

Riesman's Lonely Man

WILL HERBERG

THOUGH published only four years ago, David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* has already achieved much of the status of a sociological classic. There is something about it that communicates a sense of relevance and reality quite unusual in sociological writing. A trained and sophisticated professional, Mr. Riesman writes like a layman; he gives the impression, not of a specialist working for his colleagues, but of a concerned human being addressing other concerned human beings about urgent problems of life and thought. Yet he is no popularizer, marketing catchy superficialities; if his work reveals a layman's sense of relevance and reality, it also testifies to the social philosopher's feeling for depth and complexity. There is nothing in contemporary sociological literature quite like it.

The Lonely Crowd was followed by *Faces in the Crowd*. Now Mr. Riesman has issued a third book, *Individualism Reconsidered* [The Free Press, Glencoe, Ill., $6.].

This new volume is a collection of thirty essays, originally published in various journals from 1947 to 1954. Mr. Riesman groups his essays in seven sections, each prefaced by a brief introduction indicating the relation of the essays that follow to the over-all theme of the volume, which is itself developed in a general introduction. Through this editorial device, Mr. Riesman is enabled to make explicit the unity of theme and interest that really binds together these essays despite the wide variety of subjects they deal with and the diverse audiences for which they were originally intended.

It is something of an achievement to make the reader feel that a paper on the limits of totalitarian power belongs together with a study of football in America, a "philosophy for 'minority' living" with an attempt to define an "anthropological" approach to law and the legal profession; yet Mr. Riesman succeeds by and large, for as the reader goes on from essay to essay in this five hundred-page book, he begins to see that in a way the author is always talking about very much the same thing and bringing the argument around to very much the same conclusion. The cumulative force is genuinely impressive.

WHAT Mr. Riesman is always talking about is "how rapidly our country is changing and how hard it is for even the wisest among us to grasp what is going on." Mr. Riesman of course does make the attempt, and he does so not by repeating commonplaces about "America in transition," but by developing an approach and categories that have spectacularly vindicated themselves through the light they cast upon the changing pattern of American life. He finds America in the grip of transition from one basic type of social-character structure to another, unable to abandon the old, yet equally unable to come to terms with the new.

Most people concerned with recent social thinking are aware of Mr. Riesman's fundamental categories as they are developed and illustrated in *The Lonely*

Mr. Herberg, author of *Judaism and Modern Man*, writes frequently on sociological and political questions.

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Crowd. Mr. Riesman, it will be recalled, distinguishes three types of character structure—tradition-directed, inner-directed, and other-directed—which he finds predominating at different times in different societies, yet also entering in different degrees into contemporary American life.

Tradition-direction, in which each generation receives from its predecessor and internalizes for itself, a fairly fixed pattern of folkways, is characteristic of primitive and stable peasant societies; it has never really become part of the ongoing life of a dynamic society such as ours, although the collapse of tradition-direction upon the peasant immigrant's first encounter with the New World has had repercussions into our own time. American society has hitherto been preeminently inner-directed: each succeeding generation has internalized not a traditional pattern of folkways but a set of "goals" or "principles," together with an inner drive that keeps the individual true to them.

The inner-directed man is work-conscious, intent upon achievement, not afraid to stand on his own feet and if necessary against the crowd, interested in "results," not in "personalities." Borrowing the figure from Gardner Murphy, Mr. Riesman pictures him as operating with a kind of built-in gyroscope, which holds him steadily, sometimes ruthlessly, to his course, driving ahead for the fulfilment of his purposes. It is the inner-directed man we think of when we think of the man who does great things, and it is certainly the inner-directed man who has been characteristic of American life and achievement so far.

Lately, however, for reasons that are still obscure though we are beginning to get some inkling of them, there has been emerging on certain levels a new character type, which Riesman designates as other-directed. Instead of possessing a built-in gyroscope to keep him true to his course, the other-directed man operates with a kind of built-in radar apparatus, which is ceaselessly at work receiving signals from the person's "peer group" and adjusting him to the situation indicated by those signals. The other-directed man is a man who is concerned with adjustment rather than with achievement; he is personality-conscious rather than work-conscious, bland, tolerant, cooperative, "civilized"—but dreadfully afraid of being too "different," of getting too much out of line with his "peer group."

Upon this character type, which is already prevalent among the suburban middle-class professionals and junior executives, and which seems bound to spread upward and downward in the social hierarchy, Mr. Riesman lavishes his best attention; he studies it from all angles, with a real concern for what it may signify for America's future. In a sense, then, the emergence of the other-directed type, with all that it implies, is the unifying theme of this volume of essays. It is this emergence as a new social-character type in an America that is still predominantly inner-directed, though it is losing its confidence in the standards and values of inner-direction, that constitutes the big problem of our time.

MR. Riesman's attitude toward these character types is curiously ambivalent. He obviously admires the inner-directed man with his impersonal work-consciousness and drive to achievement, and he rather dislikes the bland characterlessness of the other-directed type, whose law of life is conformity and adjustment. Yet Mr. Riesman is somehow too modern-minded himself to feel quite at ease with this judgment: after all, the inner-directed man is so old-fashioned, so intolerant, so narrow-minded, often so ruthless and aggressive, while the other-directed man is so sophisticated, so "civilized," so appreciative of art and culture. . . . Mr. Riesman therefore repeatedly disavows any preference for inner-direction, and goes out of his way to indicate possibilities of autonomy even where other-direction prevails. It cannot be said that he succeeds very well in this attempt, but the effort itself is significant.

For Mr. Riesman is passionately concerned with autonomy; he is passionately concerned with championing the individual and his freedom amidst the constricting forces of mass society. Throughout this volume, but especially in the essays contained in the first two sections—"Individualism and Its Context" and "Marginality, Minorities and Freedom"—he makes a vigorous onslaught on "groupism," the tendency of the individual to lose himself in the group and renounce any dimension of his existence that transcends corporate "belonging." It is this vindication of individuality, and even of "individualism" of a certain sort, that is the animating concern of Mr. Riesman's thinking as exhibited in this volume. His discussion of marginality and "minority" existence, both as promoting and restricting the possibilities of individual freedom, is particularly valuable.

Yet though Mr. Riesman is passionately concerned with vindicating the individual's autonomy against the heteronomous forces of a mass society, he goes about this task in a way that, I am afraid, cannot possibly lead him to his goal. For he tries to establish human freedom in terms of a self-sufficient autonomy, in which man assures himself that he is sufficient unto himself—because beyond him there is nothing.

This kind of autonomy is inevitably self-defeating, for man is not an Atlas that he can bear the universe on his shoulders, nor is he a Prometheus that he can defy the gods in the name of his own divinity. Every attempt to establish human autonomy in such terms

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must needs fail and in its failure drive the disillusioned heaven-stormer to embrace worse and cruder heteronomies than those he renounced. The whole history of Western man since the Renaissance is testimony to this fact, as is also the experience of our own generation. The autonomy of self-sufficient individual man, and the various heteronomies of divinized corporate man, feed upon and sustain each other; neither offers any hope for real freedom.

BEYOND this kind of autonomy and heteronomy, however, there is a third way—*theonomy,* the centering of life, individual and collective, in God. Mr. Riesman never quite gets to this point, for he lacks—and that is his great shortcoming—a sense of transcendence. He does not see that life cannot be significantly lived simply in its own terms, that for life to be human, it must have its grounding in something "in some sense outside of human life, . . . above mankind . . ." (Bertrand Russell). He does not quite see that the real problem is double: how to be oneself, really and truly oneself, without pretending to be God; and how to transcend self in community and loyalty to some larger whole without losing oneself in it.

This problem cannot be solved with a simple assertion of autonomy, for autonomy means precisely pretending to be God and inevitably leads to heteronomous engulfment. It can be solved—at least in principle, for the practice is difficult indeed—by orienting one's life toward Him "in whose service is perfect freedom": theonomy alone provides a sure ground for true autonomy. Freud, for all his "atheism," could not help but feel a certain "admiration for the tough, uncompromising monotheism of the Jews," which gives them a high degree of inner freedom in a hostile world; Mr. Riesman, whose words I have just quoted, might have taken the hint. Had he done so, he perhaps would have said something even more significant about the problem of human freedom than he manages to achieve in this book and its predecessors.

Yet this criticism, important though I feel it to be, should not be understood as detracting from my appreciation of Mr. Riesman's writings, which I consider among the most important sociological work of our time. From the essays collected in this volume, one may get some indication of the wide scope of his interests, of his fresh, unstereotyped approach, of his sensitivity to changing social reality, of his feeling for depth, for complexity, for the ambiguity of the human situation.

One gets also a sense of how much his thinking has developed and matured inside of a decade. In some of the earlier essays in this book, as well as in those too early to be included, there are strong remnants of the rather naive utopianism and "progressivism" with which Mr. Riesman seems to have started, but very little of that is left as one gets into the 1950s. It is interesting, for example, to compare Mr. Riesman's view of man's nature in his 1947 essay on "community plans and utopia," where he deplores "the contemporary mood of a gloomy, Niebuhrian view of man" and applauds "the more optimistic Enlightenment traditions," with the view expressed in 1953 in an excellent essay on intellectual freedom: "The Constitution exists [he writes], and is the magnificent job it is, in large part because the Fathers had so very limited a faith in man that they sought to protect us from each other's weaknesses wherever possible."* Quite Niebuhrian indeed!

There are occasional lapses, but by and large the attitude expressed in this passage is maintained throughout Mr. Riesman's later writing and endows his observations and conclusions with an added sense of reality. Indeed, I should say that Riesman has carried sociological analysis to the very borders of a theological depth-understanding of man, and though he has not found it possible to go beyond, we should be deeply grateful that he has taken us as far as he has.

*In this, Mr. Riesman echoes Lord Bryce: "[The American Constitution] is the work of men who believed in original sin and were resolved to leave open for transgressors no door which they could possibly shut" (James Bryce, *The American Commonwealth*).

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Thomas Hardy: New—and Old—Appraisals

THOMAS HARDY. By Evelyn Hardy. St. Martin's Press. $5.

By JOHN F. SULLIVAN

THE literary reputation of Thomas Hardy has been through some rather rapid fluctuations in a relatively brief time, but there are signs, I think, that it is leveling off. His greatest merit, it now seems, is as the poet of a small number of dramatic lyrics—angular, wry pieces which startle with a sudden and powerful opening out of vistas and meanings. As a novelist, he has been affected by the general declining of interest in the massive Victorians, but a process of reassessment is underway, perceptible in recent studies like those of Albert J. Guerard and Desmond Hawkins. In this new light, we see that Hardy's value is as a story-teller, and not, as an older generation thought, as a realist, a thinker, or a nature-lover. A symptom of the new appraisal is to be noted in the diminishing popularity of *The Return of the Native* and in the corresponding increase of interest in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and, perhaps, in *Jude*.

Yet there will probably always be academic minds who find *The Return of the Native* more to their purposes—precisely because it obeys traditional rules for novel-making, because it is easier to demonstrate the use of descriptions, realism and "ideas" than to analyze more subtle narrative elements. So I suppose that criticism according to older views of Hardy will continue to appear and have a welcome reception.

However, the biographical and critical study by Miss Evelyn Hardy which we have presently to consider is not even a very outstanding example of this more old-fashioned kind of work. It is cut, indeed, from a standard pattern—so much so that it sometimes seems little more than a longer version of the kind of "term paper" assigned by the tens of thousands every year in literature courses on every college campus. This is also the pattern, of course, of the professors' own papers in the learned journals, and we are not surprised, therefore, to find Miss Hardy committing the worst kind of source-hunting sins. So, for example, after quoting the description of the music of the waters from *The Mayor,* she comments: "These are the Frome waters, and the stone bridge on which such emphasis is laid is none other than Grey's Bridge, which Hardy had crossed and re-crossed countless times."

Sometimes the need to crowd in all the facts that can be pinned down by an eager researcher does unhappy things to Miss Hardy's style, which is otherwise quite readable. Thus she tells us, "And as time went on and Henry Moule's fame spread, learned men—scholars, poets and professors—

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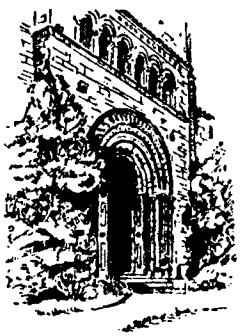

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brought their sons to his door, men who had known Lamb and were intimate with Disraeli, to whom Hardy later presented a petition." (This is the lone appearance of the petition in the book).

Again, teachers will find this sentence familiar: "A long essay could be written on this single aspect of Hardy's work alone."

These flaws, however, would be less troublesome if the whole had more to offer. As a biography, it is not much more enlightening than the account which any good encylopedia ought to provide. Often, indeed, there is a shadowy sense of the biographical problems which Hardy provokes, but they are usually quietly ignored or slid over. As a critical study, it seems to me that in basing itself on Rutland rather than on Guerard or Hawkins (who are each referred to, I believe, only once) it has taken a step backward. Yet, as I suggested above, this may turn out to be a very popular book among those who prefer that figures of speech be classified rather than analyzed or that ideas be named instead of explored and criticized.

Genteel Evil

SIDESTREET. By Robert O. Bowen. Knopf. $3.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

MR. Bowen's third novel is the portrait of one of those matrons whose housewifely exterior conceals the sensibilities of a retarded ape. Edna Roberts is a type dear to writers including Nobel prizewinner Francois Mauriac, and comprising the fruitful subject of a good many examinations of evil. It is sad to report that she here emerges as a rather feeble and conventional sketch.

The narrative begins with the child Edna, a pale, myopic little girl who is always good and even by this unlikely feat attracts no attention whatever. She lives with her parents in a greenery-yallery sidestreet, among genteel neighbors, lace curtains, sewing rooms and umbrella stands, in a house that

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has, according to Mr. Bowen, only "soft edges."

Edna does well in high school, as Ednas do, and on graduation gets a job in a local dry goods store. Presently she meets and marries a fellow employee.

There is nothing much wrong with Bill Gavin when Edna marries him, except that he is a man. She quickly improves on nature and turns him into a henpecked alcoholic. That done, she kills him. Bill leaves her with a son; she effectively emasculates him, too, and he ends as a sex deviate in a mental hospital. And that's not all. Young William leaves a stepdaughter. We last see Edna quietly going to work on her:

"She moves cautiously, wastes nothing, and takes care that the child, too, knows of the unspecific threat so that they will not be taken unaware."

No one could quarrel with the authenticity of Mr. Bowen's material or the undeniable beauty of his concluding sentence, just quoted. His difficulty lies in a certain fleshlessness; Edna seems real enough when the book is closed, but one suspects it is memory and experience of real Ednas which pad out her skeleton then, rather than the material between the covers of *Sidestreet*. This deficiency arises from haste or from some arcane commitment to the obvious; the author gives us enough details to indicate what he is about, but no more, yet his novel is evidently not intended as impressionistic. He sticks to facts, and they are such well worn facts with such predictable consequences; as soon as we know that two-year old Junior Gavin is kept by his mother in skirts, his future yawns before us with the subtlety of the Grand Canyon.

This problem is not uniquely Mr. Bowen's but characteristic of one echelon of his generation of writers, in the main so intent on blocking in the large outlines of cause and effect that nuances of character and meaning escape them. In justice, it should be noted that *Sidestreet* improves as it goes along, especially in style; and what begins as an earnest splitting of infinitives and self-conscious straining ("*painty-clean* kitchen table", "*unwearing* cut glass goblets" and those incomprehensible "*soft edges*") gets harder and cleaner as it nears the end.

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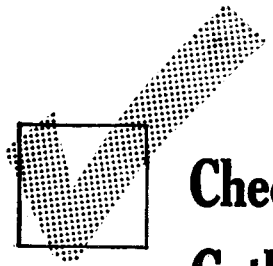

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